

For Value Received

Another Story in All-Star Series of
Fiction by America's Leading Authors

By Edith Barnard Delano

AN INTIMATE PORTRAIT OF EDITH BARNARD DELANO

It is difficult to know quite where to begin in writing of Edith Barnard Delano. She has done and is doing so many things. She began writing when she was little more than a girl, and sold immediately her first ten stories. She adds, "and then the good old grind. Meanest job there is—writing—but I would not take any other."

More stories sold, a great many more, to all the magazines, and then she wrote for the screen. Like the majority of those who have made big successes, the start was an accident. Some years ago she wrote a book called "Rags," which Mary Pickford saw before it was published, and Mrs. Delano was asked to make it into a play. From there she went right on making moving pictures. Another Mary Pickford, then for Margaret Clark, Hazel Dawn, Marie Doro, Mae Marsh, Mary Boland and others. Mrs. Delano has taken a large part in the entertainment of the American people.

But Mrs. Delano is an artist, and the call to return to the "legitimate" writing of fiction was too great. She abandoned the motion picture field, except vicariously, for her place as a novelist. She was the first author to whom I talked of the All-Star Program of American Fiction. Her grasp of the idea was instantaneous. Though one of the biggest magazines in the country is monopolizing her work, she agreed to join.

"For Value Received" is short in length, but large in scope. One to whom it was read in manuscript remarked: "Every wife should run away just once." The story follows.

MARY STEWART CUTTING, JR.

ON the way back from the post office Anita Prescott stopped at the turn of the road and looked down at Miriam's house. Just so had she seen it on that day four years before when she and Michael were on their honeymoon wandering. Yet it was not that moment of companioned ecstasy that had brought her back, but the remembered peace of it. Peace—that was what she had wanted. When she determined to escape from all that was not peace, all that was disillusion, a sudden vision had come to her of the little white house under the elm, the red roof and the smoke wafting up from its chimney, and the strong, smiling woman who had given them milk to drink. Peace—a refuge during the long year that she must wait for freedom; peace that she must have, and that, she told herself, she should find here. Determination, vision, fight, then a visit to a lawyer who "took" cases like hers—as if there could be any other like hers—and finally, speech with Miriam at the door of the white house.

"You don't want to board here," Miriam had told her. "I have a room, yes, and I'd just love to have you, but this isn't the place for you. You don't know anything about me."

"As much as you know about me," the other shook her head.

"I guess it's different," said she. "Folks around here don't have anything to do with me. You'd be lonely."

"I want a place where I can be alone."

The woman gave her a steady look. Then she said, calmly, as though offering an explanation that did not touch herself at all.

"My name's Miriam. Around here they seem to think it ought to be—Hagar."

Anita flushed a little under the baldness of it, but she said:

"Well, there's a wilderness for most of us. I am in flight, too."

"Come in," Miriam had said, and so

far that remained the fullness of explanation between them. Anita was thinking of it today, because of the letter she had brought from the village—the letter postmarked Cleveland and forwarded by the man who took cases like hers.

"You will remember that you were warned," her mother had written. "Your hiding yourself away now is nothing more than a pose. It doesn't help things. You can get your divorce here as well as wherever you are, and you will come home at once, where you belong. The sooner it is all over, and we can forget the unfortunate affair—"

ANITA'S lips twisted into a bitter little smile, her eyes hardened. She crossed the road to the grassy bank under the apple tree and leaned her elbows on the fence, looking off across the mellowing fields. Beyond, a tremulous breath of green along the river, early plowed furrows gleaming where the setting sun touched them, purple shadows under the hill, apple-blossoms in her hair, blue and violets under her feet—a world pulsing to new life, this quietude, this peace. Peace but for her thoughts. Her being here a pose? Oh, yes, they had warned her! Heavens, how hadn't they warned her! She had been won by the glamour of a uniform. They didn't know anything about his people. He wasn't their sort. He was poor. Worse, he was visionary, with those talk-of-inventions of his. Did she suppose she could be happy as a poor man's wife, even though she did have a wee bit of money of her own? And look at the way his lips set, and that hard look that came into his eyes when he faced their perfectly natural opposition to the marriage! She had always been headstrong, always wanted her own way. Did she think she could get on with a man like that? Oh, it was unthinkable—so the family had warned her. And their

warnings had but added to her feeling of release, her joyous sense of conquest when she had gone to her man.

Four years ago—and now it was all over. Her mother had no better word for it than to call it an unfortunate affair, that marriage and the divorce she was waiting for. No better word for those four brimming years of life. Only that, for the first glad confidence of having found her mate, for the happy making of her little home, for her pride in her

thing! Not great things, not even great things, but little things that totaled so disastrously high; and, at last, for her conviction that their marriage had been a mistake, that they were not meant for each other, that the only thing to do was to end it. Then, her flight; her communicating with him through the man who took cases like hers; and, at last, Miriam's.

Now, for a month she had been here, where she had thought peace must dwell; been here watching

spring come, watching Miriam, thinking. Sap rising, birds on the wing; Miriam, working; Anita—Thinking. Miriam plowing, Anita at work in the garden, sowing early peas, digging parsnips and taking a share to the house next door and leaving them on the doorsteps; Anita—washing, thinking. Miriam and her father, that old man who gave her no pleasant word, nor helped in her tasks; the old man with a snarl, a bitter name for her sometimes; the old man sitting in the

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Michael. That, for the daily growing loneliness, the feeling of being cut off from her own world; for the slowly creeping reserves between them that had been swept away, at lessening intervals, by the re-blossoming of their love; that—for quarrels and kisses, for bitter words and repentant cheek to cheek, for the hours that he was away from her and his increasing absorption in his work and her unreasonable jealousy of it; for the crowning moments of their pledged love—oh, for all of it, every-

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Joanna I of Naples, Who Made Vesuvius Put on Blind Bridles

Another story of the
"Vivid Vamps of History," by Anne Jordan.

WHEN Joanna I was born at Naples in the year 1327, old Mount Vesuvius erupted a sigh of relief.

"Well, at last," puffed the grouchy old volcano. "I'm going to retire from all this unpleasant notoriety. That girl is slated to raise so much dust that my smoke will attract no more attention than a puny little bonfire. I shall sleep forgotten for at least one mortal lifetime."

Joanna was the granddaughter of Robert, King of Naples and Jerusalem. The old man was so worried about the census enumeration in his two favorite cities that he neglected Joanna's early training. Hence, at the age of thirteen, Joanna had learned to wink her left eye, and she tried this diverting pastime on Robert of Capua.

Robert of Capua was a rough neck. His father had been none other than the royal spaghetti baker and chief bottle washer to Joanna's grandpa king, and his mother was governess to Joanna and her younger sister Maria.

Rumors of the affair reached the monarchical ear of Robert. He dropped

Animal Speed.

THE "speed of a gazelle," "fast as a horse," "fleet as a deer," "slow as an ox," are all familiar terms, but few persons know just how fast or fleet or slow these creatures are. The following statistics may throw light on the subject.

A riding horse covers forty inches in a second while walking, while at a jog trot it covers eleven feet in a second. The two-miles-a-minute horse covers forty-four feet in a second.

The elephant, which can pull more than six horses, moves about four feet six inches a second, and, running as fast as it can, is able to travel about eighteen feet in a second.

It is claimed that the lion runs more swiftly than the horse, which is from 80 to 100 feet a second, according to the country through which it is traveling.

Tests differ greatly as to the speed of a hare. Some claim that it can travel at the rate of sixty feet a second, while others hold that it cannot proceed more than half that distance in a second.

Deer are all quite speedy, but in certain places they travel much more rapidly than in others. A roe buck has been known to cover seventy-four feet a second.

A giraffe is said to pass over the ground at the rate of about fifty feet a second, while the kangaroo covers from ten to fourteen feet a second.

The tortoise is very slow. One five inches in length covers but half an inch in a second.



"THREE GOOD HUSBANDS DESERVE ANOTHER," REMARKED JOANNA, WHEN OTHO OF BRUNSWICK HAD SUNG THE NEAPOLITAN SERENADE IN GERMAN FOUR NIGHTS RUNNING BENEATH HER WINDOW.

ped his population reports, chopped off the head of three enumerators, and swore by all that was Roman and holy he would never allow his madcap granddaughter to introduce democratic customs in his kingdom.

The old king was getting gouty, and realized that he was tapping on death's door, so he married Joanna post haste to her cousin, Andrew of Hungary, who had been brought to Naples when quite a little pest to inhale some woe atmosphere.

NAPLES, however, was no cure for Andy's disposition. He was pig-headed and mean, and whether Joanna nor the Neapolitan ice cream set liked him. They referred to him as "Hungry Andy" and overlooked him completely when the old king passed away and was formally put in the face with a shovel.

Joanna queen and joint city commissioner of Naples and Jerusalem, and Andy was peeved. He thought she might have split it fifty-fifty and given him Jerusalem to boot. He ripped and snorted, but he couldn't do a thing but write to the Pope and ask for equal suffrage with his wife.

Joanna had another cousin, Charles of Durazzo, which, translated from the medieval garb, signifies Charles of the Unsafe Razor, a most stinging name for this tabasco kinsman. Charles came to Joanna and besought her to choose the weapon by which he should make her a widow so she could marry him.

"Go shag thyself," Joanna bade him, scornfully. "I like not thy keen ways any better than Hungary Andy's ribald chatter."

That made Charles mad, and he began to buddy round with Andy just for spite. And seeing that he could never win Joanna, he had her little

Joanna's best friends, an old man who was greatly beloved in Naples, for a starter.

NOW, when the people of Naples heard that Andy had prepared a slaughter list, they began to get nervous. Especially Bertrand of Artois. He had intended to be merely a hapless, fashionable affinity. He told Joanna he didn't mind dying, but if Andy killed off all her friends, she would be at Andy's mercy, and it was up to them to get Andy first.

Andrew, already panicky over the first killing, proposed a week end of the queenly surface. He received word from the Pope that he might rule if he felt like it.

"I never felt more like it in my life," Andy wrote in his diary. He called for his memorandum book, and made out a list of macaroni magnates that he meant to knock off. His pet crime doctors operated on one of

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